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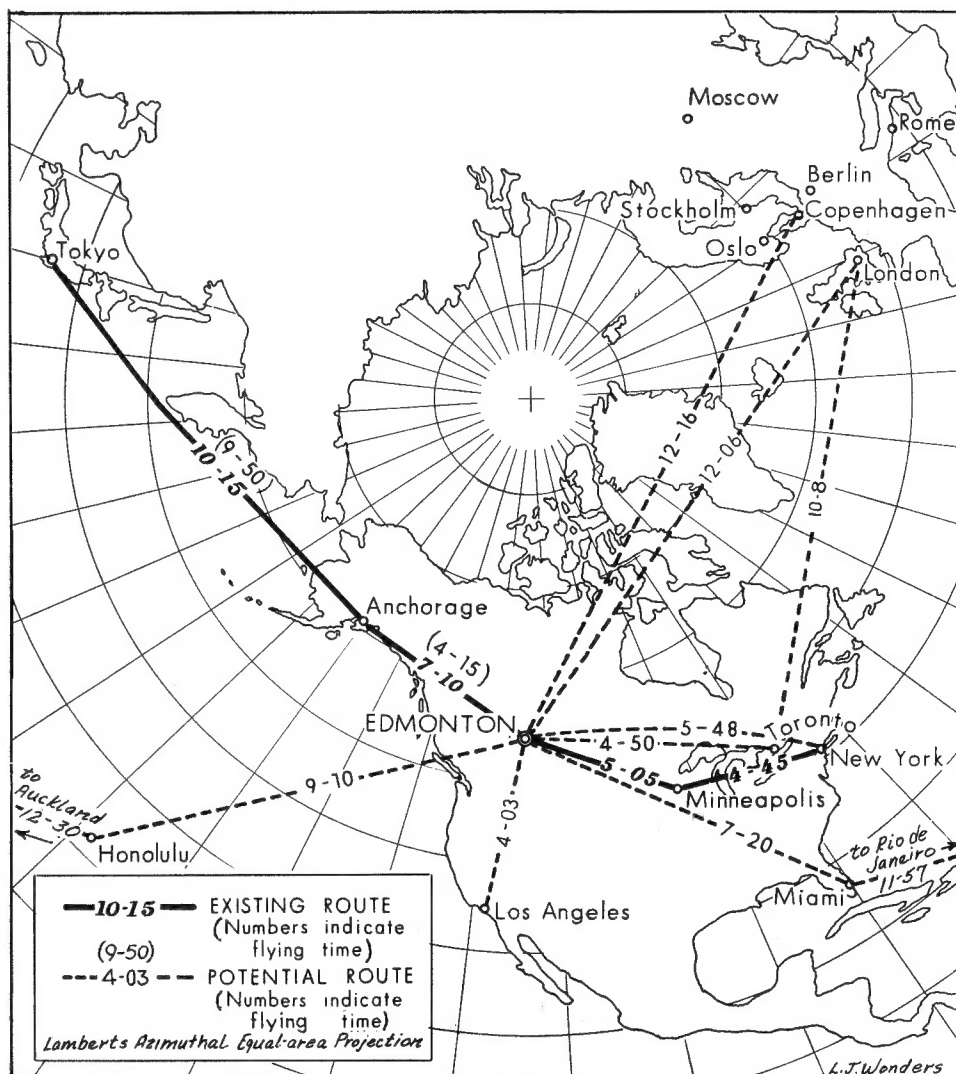
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The Editor's Page

● "HOMECOMING" HERE TO STAY

Unfortunately in a few respects, and fortunately in others, this edition of *The New Trail* has been unduly delayed. Because of this, and while it is still fresh in our minds, we can write the third annual Alumni Homecoming Ball into history, and as the exciting echoes of it go a-glimmering, say something about the overall success of the evening.

Judging from the complimentary letters received from members of the class of '30 and others, it was an occasion that will long bear remembering.

At one point we overheard a cluster of guests commenting that it looked like a lot of work for so few hours of pleasure. Acknowledging all that, we've yet to find a more appealing function than the Alumni Ball to unite for a few fleeting hours, and in such appropriate surroundings, so many of our graduate family.

Much of the success of the evening may be attributed to the work of Professors H. G. Glyde and J. B. Taylor, and the young artists of the Fine Arts department who evolved the unique decorative motif. Their caricatures of campus personalities stole the show. As a suggestion of the frolicsome theme that persisted during the dancing hours we take pleasure in reproducing on our front cover the original Glyde design, from an early mailing piece, which captured the imagination of many.

There's no doubt but, at the present rate of popularity, "Homecoming" is here to stay.

● THE LOSS OF A FURRY FRIEND

The original *CHIPMUNK* has forsaken us, and *The New Trail* won't be the same without her. Yes, our *CHIPMUNK* was one of the gentler species and we'll miss in each issue her sensitive recordings of things on the campus, and the periodic special features that were her specialty.

Ours was not a chattering imp of the woods but one dedicated to hard work with no thought of recompense. Now "Windsor Park" has claimed her, and we would record our deep sense of appreciation for the spirited assistance she has rendered *The New Trail* over the years.

● IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The mainstay of most magazines rests in part with their advertisers. In this issue, the final number of Volume XII, we would like to extend our thanks to the local and national business firms that have helped make the publication of *The New Trail* possible.

And after the advertising is in, it's a regular source of continuing encouragement for your editor to be able to draw on the enthusiastic co-operation of the staff of our own University Press.

The University in a Technological Society

By LEONARD E. GADS

EVERYBODY realizes that we live in a technological society, but certain aspects of it are often not appreciated. First of all, consider the rate at which this generation is being mechanized. It is not the number of automobiles on the road today that counts but the number of them tomorrow as compared to yesterday; not the fact that the airplane can fly non-stop around the world today, but the fact that only fifty years ago the first flight was equal in length to the wing spread of the present airliner. In other words, it is not the point of the curve that counts, but the slope of the graph.

This appreciation of the rate of change is all-important in dealing with education. Nature must take its course. If we want more chickens, because society demands them, we cannot speed up the hatching process by adding more heat to the incubator. We would have a lot of roasted half-chicks, or half-baked eggs; at least, the results would not be satisfactory.

The world has constantly been going through periods of change, but never at such a rate. Changes from feudal to industrial ages took centuries to accomplish. How fast did the use of the steam engine spread? How many generations used candles before they were replaced by coal-oil lamps? How many used the old, dim and inefficient carbon-filament lamps, and in turn the tungsten ones, followed by the fluorescent? How many generations used horses as compared with those who used autos before taking up flying? How many used the radio as compared to TV? Examples can be found everywhere.

Next to the rate of change, other factors are important. Improvement in communication and transportation gave as many more neighbors as we ever had before. Besides the increase in population, people are brought into closer and continual contact with one another, not just the people across the fence or in the same community, but those in the most distant parts of the world, by means of the airplane, telephone, movies, radio, and TV.

We live in a technological society and in a hostile world. Because of the technological developments, we, as a society, are more vulnerable, no matter where we live, than any society in past history—vulnerable to the extent of possible total extermination.

In the past, new weapons either provided defence in themselves (such as swords) or their development was quickly followed by counter-weapons. This is not true of

"The traditional idea of a University as an institution where classical knowledge is imparted to the student by a sort of osmosis must be revamped to fit in with technological advances in society."

This was the theme developed by Prof. Leonard E. Gads '39 at a meeting of the Philosophical Society held recently on the campus. The presentation and content of the piece was so intriguing that we asked him to adapt it for *The New Trail*.

A graduate in civil engineering from this University, Professor Gads finds time along with his duties as secretary of the engineering faculty and associate professor of civil engineering to act as commanding officer for the RCAF reserve squadron on the campus.

nuclear weapons. When the first atomic bomb exploded, the political significance of the work of engineers and scientists was recognized for the first time, and this discovery was perhaps more important than the bomb itself. A good deal has been said about science leading the world to ruin, but it is often forgotten that it is not science but the application of new scientific principles to things that has this undesirable effect.

This is not to be taken to mean that scientists are blameless and the fault lies with engineers. A machine in itself is not evil, but only in the way it is used by men. An airplane can be sent on a mercy flight or to drop bombs on defenceless civilians.

In the field of military technology, the rate of acceptance of means of mutual destruction is amazing. Gunpowder was invented centuries ago, but even quite recently there were primitive people who had no use for firearms. The first high explosive, cordite, was used by the Japanese against the Russians fifty years ago, and since then any new invention of weapons has been adopted by the opposing side almost overnight. Recall the machine gun, poison gas, aerial bombs, etc. Remember how long it took the Soviets to make an A-bomb?

Although we are properly concerned with the volume of new technological inventions or the scientific advancement during recent years, it is the rate of change or even the rate of the rate, the acceleration or the change in the slope of the curve, that is significant. No matter where we are heading, we are getting there faster and faster. Some of our alumni will remember the evolution of the sign that hung at the north end of the High Level Bridge: for years there was a small one which said in fine, quaint script that "anyone found riding or driving over this bridge at a rate greater than ten miles per hour shall upon conviction be subject to a fine . . . etc." Then suddenly this sign was changed to read: "Speed limit 20 mph", and very shortly after: "Slow", in letters a foot high.

It is not always easy to observe this acceleration because of what we consider the normal tempo of everyday living and, sometimes, because of the inbred conservatism. It is only recently that British book publishers began to put the date of publication on their books. There was a time when a year or two did not matter. It matters now.

Whether the evils of technology outweigh the benefits or vice versa, society as a whole accepts modern living as the natural outcome of "progress", whatever that is. Who are the men, or what section of society is responsible for the technological advances? Disregarding a few geniuses, who do not fit any classification, this group is composed of technicians, technologists and engineers, using a convenient vertical classification for achievements in mechanical fields. In fields other than engineering technology, a horizontal classification would be engineers and scientists, because we have technological advances in fields such as medicine, agriculture, etc.

We must, in all fairness, award the most important place to the engineer. Even if the scientific discovery and consequent development was first made in a field other than engineering, to bring it to general use, engineers would have to take a hand (for better or for worse).

So, without neglecting other professions, we should now take a look at the education of the engineers. Since we are only concerned with higher technological

education, we must not lose sight of the fact that to operate, maintain and advance our technological civilization, many persons other than university-trained engineers are required. At the lowest level is the technician. Although a very indispensable person indeed, he is expected to understand only the "how" and not the "why" of his job. He is trained in the skills and technicalities of his immediate job, is concerned with machines and not so much with men, seldom with costs and not with the social implications of his technology. His education concerns us only in passing because it is invariably at a level lower than university.

The technologist is our concern because so often he occupies a position between that of the technician and the engineer or the scientist in some field of science. In Canada, and until recently in the USA, technologists are mainly either men who are self-trained or those with incomplete university training. Often a boy, who was unsuccessful in his first year of engineering, is gladly offered employment by someone who is aware that, notwithstanding his failure, he has university matriculation and is interested in technology. Such a boy, if satisfied with his first job, would remain a technician. If he has some ambition and improves his qualifications, he will become a technologist. He may even return to university to qualify as a professional engineer.

Having touched upon some aspects of a technological society which are pertinent, how might we define "university"? Prof. Lower of Queen's called universities peculiar places "filled with peculiar people . . . who resist changes, but continually change; prepare youth for the future, but are survivals of the middle ages; Canadian universities have a medieval descent".

During the last eight centuries, from the beginning of the first European university, a lot has been written on the nature and function of a "true" university. Many engaged in a play on words. Philological exercises were conducted, Latin roots were consulted as to the true meaning of the word. As a result of these semantic speculations some have concluded that, notwithstanding the changes that took place in society or any that could be readily anticipated, "the university" must remain what it was 800 years ago, otherwise the name would not fit the institution. Some even go so far as to condemn the name "institution"! Some say that a university would be true to its *original* (as if it were important!) meaning if it had no students at all. Others rebel at the idea that attending university is considered by some as "going to school". As if the name were important!

I like the name "university" particularly because of the flavor of universality. Our American term "department store" is translated in some languages as "universal store". I like the implied parallel. We have a store of knowledge, it is universal and it is divided into departments. I would not worry a minute if some medieval scholar objected—this is a modern society and we change the institution to conform not only to the change but specifically to the rate of change.

But the name is not the main thing. The main thing is that to teach, to train and to educate on the highest possible level our engineers and our scientists in our rapidly changing technological society, we must set up an institution of learning

which we agree to call "university". Provisions must be made to make adjustments to keep up to the rate of acceleration.

No revolution is advocated, but merely a re-appraisal. Much in the present and past university is acceptable. The basic purpose, as set out very adequately some twenty years ago by Professor E. Baker of Cambridge, reads:

"An organized and degree-granting institution, intended for the study and advancement of the higher branches of learning. . . .

The aim is, in the first place, to give the highest and final stage of general education to undergraduate students, partly to prepare them for a specific profession, but partly to prepare them for doing work of better quality in virtue of better training they have received in any profession or calling. . . . To strengthen character and to provide moral equipment. . . .

The second aim is to promote and conduct research in the humanities and the various branches of science . . . ; this is to increase the sum of human knowledge . . . so that university may serve as leader and guide in all fields, humanities and sciences, both pure and applied, and other interests and activities of the human mind.

As a corollary or as a byproduct of this second aim—to disseminate knowledge and spirit of true learning among the general public outside its walls . . . to build and strengthen character through common residence."

Contrast this with some other definitions that you may come across: "An ideal university is a collection of good books." What books? On what subjects? Written by whom and how long ago? University has many aims; some of them could be achieved by reading books. How about contemporary problems?

"University is a good teacher on one end of a log, a boy at the other." This would imply that one man's opinion is all that matters.

If we agree on the aims and functions of a university—and Prof. Baker's is a good working proposal—the rest will depend upon the curriculum and the preparation of freshmen in the intermediate schools; in other words, matriculation standards. The university cannot fulfill its purpose and achieve its aims if it has street urchins to work with. If we assume that a freshman enters university, on the average, in his eighteenth year, then a lot would depend on what has taken place during the twelve or thirteen years of elementary and secondary schooling.

While Prof. Baker has laid down aims and purposes, others have described what is actually taking place. Here is what Kotsching in "University in a Changing World" has to say:

"In the US . . . there has always been a strong tendency to make the universities into service institutions for the convenience of a comfortable democracy. An ad hoc pragmatism, translating itself into a tendency to make learning subservient to immediate practical ends, and the desire to give minimum education to a maximum body of students, have reduced universities to the level of advanced schools."

I translate this to read: more and more young people are being educated less and less. Hutchins, who recently criticized American universities as being "luxury hotels", said in his "University of Utopia": "Parents and teachers jumped at

Dewy's suggestion that the best way to train youngsters is to train them for occupations. . . . This notion was the balm of Gilead for which the frustrated parents and teachers were seeking; it seemed to provide the necessary philosophical endorsement for what they wanted to do anyway. They wanted to train young people for occupations because they did not know what else to do with them. . . ."

Just as high school education, university education is available to greater numbers. Students come from all walks of life and from homes without books; where radio is used to listen only to blood-curdling police news and crime stories; where table conversation never reaches beyond the "pass the potatoes" level; where reading is restricted to comics and "Life", and writing, if any, letters to the editor condemning the CBC for its longhair programs and demanding more hockey broadcasts.

Education is a continuing process and begins at home. We cannot blame the young people if their home life has not provided them with the necessary appreciation of the greater values in life. Universities cannot simply say that it is the responsibility of the intermediate schools. Students must be induced to participate in activities which would bring out any latent interests and abilities.

The very term education means to "lead out", to extract. In many cultural activities in this technological society we are reduced to passive enjoyment. In the past, if we wanted music, we had to make it ourselves; now we twirl the knob. If we wanted a picture, we had to paint it; now we snap a shutter. To see beauties of nature, we had to travel; now we see them on the movie or TV screen. Even the benefit of meeting people to exchange opinions with them is lost; we simply twirl the phone dial and exchange a few meaningless grunts.

Here we return to the building of character and the understanding of the world we live in. And, most of all, understanding the acceleration or the rate at which we are being "civilized".

Although our technological progress has been spectacular, our progress as a society will be limited by ever-increasing human problems, those that always existed and those which were brought about by the technological development. The solution to these problems may be left in many cases to graduates in arts and sciences. They may be able to offer greater service to the industry, society and to the world, if they understand the technological problems and the humanistic problems connected with them. That can be possible not through specialized training, but through association with students, scholars and professors in an atmosphere of a true universal institution of higher learning where all subjects, humanities and sciences, pure and applied, are taught and discussed side by side.

Obviously the opposite, as applied to engineers and scientists, is equally true. I am sure that, particularly in the case of older students, the true education that one receives outside of mundane accumulation of facts, is in mixed classes, with students of other faculties. The diversity of interests and the ultimate purpose that these students ascribed to the same course, be it history, economics, classics, is revealing as compared to science students. This is approaching the true and ideal education and I do not see how it is possible in those institutions of higher learning where students are all of one mind when it comes to the final interpretation of the aim of any one

particular course. If some technical schools accomplish it, it is in spite of and not because of the system.

In the faculties of engineering, any non-technical subject, or any smattering of humanities that may be offered, soon becomes tainted with technologism. We have all heard of engineering English, engineering Economy, etc. I suppose it is even possible to teach engineering Music!

One cannot blame the instructors. It is natural and good to adjust courses so that they would be interesting to particular groups. But the basic aim is to let the other side know how this side lives, breathes and thinks; to build character and mutual understanding through communal living.

This principle is becoming more generally accepted. Prof. Tustin, University of Birmingham, visiting professor at MIT, said this year that the question much debated in Britain is whether the full development of human potentialities can be adequately fostered in institutes such as MIT or whether it emerges only when arts and engineering students mingle on the same campus. In both environments some catalyst is needed to evoke the right spiritual ferment. The fact remains, he said, that many more men knowing much more about science must be provided.

This statement could be edited to apply to arts colleges as well. If we admit, as we must, that we will continue to live in a technological society, professional men in all callings must understand each other's problems, each other and the problems of the rate of change. The Society of Engineering Education, the surveys of technical education in Great Britain, all stress the need of less specialization, of common liberal preparation for all professions and of mutual understanding.

In reviewing the preceding paragraphs it will be seen that no new or revolutionary ideas have been advanced. That was not the intention. Frankly, the emphasis was on co-existence on the campus. Not the sort of political co-existence which would imply that the engineering and law students would agree to stop stealing each other's queens, but a much more fundamental kind. It means integrated training and education of diverse groups on the campus of an institution of learning, which is dedicated to the principle of universality. It means that these groups do not merely tolerate one another, but cooperate in their academic and extracurricular activities not through accident but by design. It suggests that they will make a deliberate attempt to become familiar with the problems that the other groups will encounter in this rapidly changing world, not only the present problems, but the future problems as well.

For many years it was possible to learn a formula, a certain way to conduct business and to practise it for generation after generation. A man who had learned to make buggy whips or buttoned boots from his father could prosper in the business and pass it on to his son. In this rapidly changing technological society, formulas are no longer adequate, either for building bridges or for getting along with fellow human beings.

Co-existence means getting along with the rest of the world as well. But it also means that the rest of the world must get along with our university. Since time is at

a premium, students cannot be expected to remain on the campus until they are properly trained and so certified. They either come prepared to undertake strenuous training for a number of years, or admit a failure and proceed to other, no less honorable pursuits, but on a different level.

There is a tendency among less gifted, or those with aptitudes in different directions, to expect to vegetate on the campus, becoming what Barzun called "campus followers". The rate of change will not permit this. Space on the campus is too precious.

Co-existence with the outside world also means that while the university prepares useful citizens, the citizens are preparing the proper raw material, the grist for the educational mill. It is a sad fact that there is a lot to be desired in this respect.

There is a tendency, which is familiar to anyone who reads the current periodical literature, to reduce the content of courses in the preparatory schools. Without entering the controversy as to whether the corresponding increase in "adjustment" is more beneficial, the fact remains that universities, certainly this one, had to reduce standards to meet the students part way. Remedial courses and courses on the high school level had to be added to the curriculum at the expense of the university courses. If the trend continues, it is possible to foresee that proper university courses will be pushed up to the graduate school level.

More alarming signs of lack of co-existence between secondary schools and the university appear in the realm of building of character. We notice the poor work habits; the lack of an idea of how to study, how to take notes. The acceptance of a philosophy that teaches that learning must be pleasant and "you do only the things you like to do" produces frustrated individuals in a world where success is dependent in most cases on being able and willing to do things that one dislikes doing.

One of the most common complaints voiced by freshmen at the university is the difficulty of becoming accustomed to the change of pace. Apparently the leisurely pace pursued for twelve years at school had produced would-be speed swimmers who were training by taking leisurely baths. We return to the example of an incubator: there is a maximum rate of loading. Because we cannot turn up the heat in the campus incubator without getting half-baked students, we, in the prescribed four years, cannot accomplish enough to reach the goals set by the demands of society.

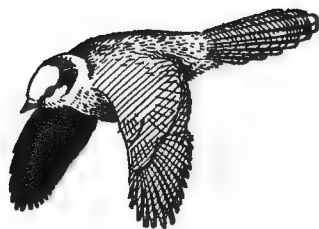
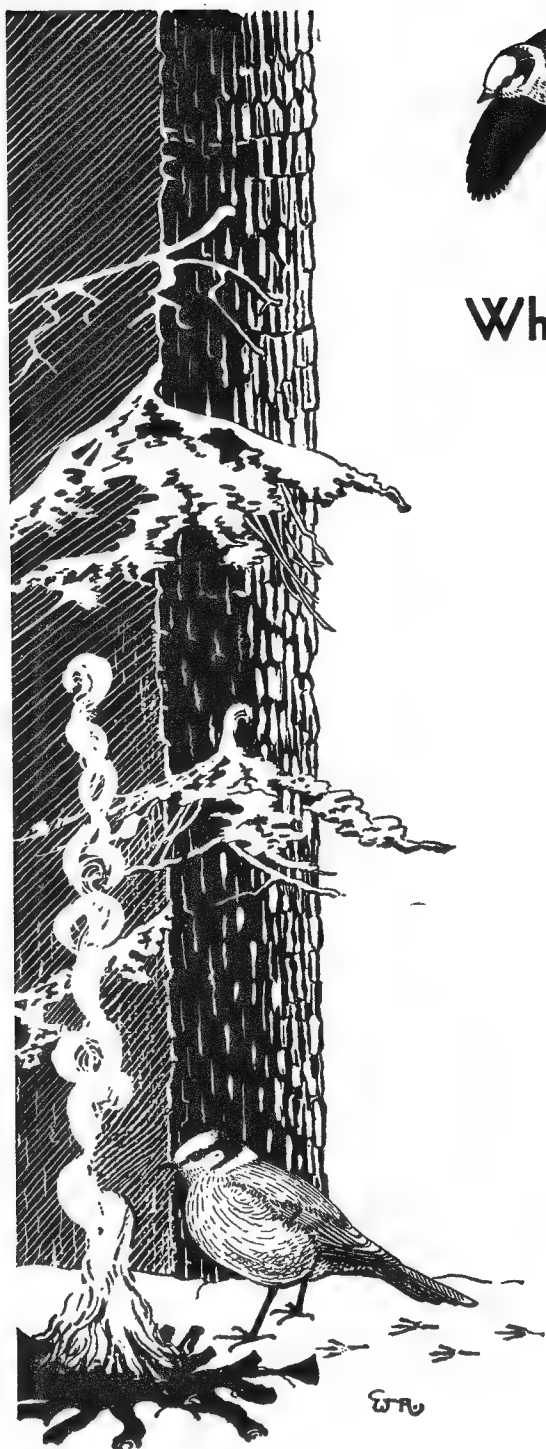
This is not to be construed as a plea for return to the "good old days", which is obviously impossible. In our rapidly changing society we look to the future and not to the past. The criterion is not the way it was done in the past but whether the schools are doing their proper job in enabling the university to carry on with its task. To say that the schools are doing a better job now is merely a condemnation of the schools of the past.

Utilitarian ends must be served, but not at the expense of more worthwhile aims. Co-existence between men and men, and men and nature, will depend on this, and eventually the survival of the technological society and all the universities in it.

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N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscription.—Ed.



Whiskeyjack . .

BURIDAN'S CARROT

"What is it?" asked Whiskeyjack.

"Ah—what is it?" repeated Buridan. His eyes shone with the greediest of all looks—a look of glory. "It is my fortune", he said, pouring the contents of one hand into the cup of the other. "All the gold buried in God's United States of America could not buy from me this little tenth of an ounce—ah, what is it, now? What do you think these little specks of dirt are?"

"Seeds?" asked Whiskeyjack.

"Ah!—correct, seeds, yes. Seeds. But these are not acorns. They are not the mustard seeds that grow into the great tree. Then, what sort of seeds are they?"

"They are not acorns," agreed Whiskeyjack solemnly.

Buridan pouted. "Can you not guess, Mistaar Whiskeyjack, what sort of seeds these are that only a sum *larger* than all the gold in America could buy?"

"No."

"Not even you, Patrick?"

"What sort of seed is it?" I asked.

"It is carrot seed," he replied in a tone of reverence.

"Carrot seed," I said. I noticed Whiskeyjack beginning to smile. "But, Mr. Buridan," I expostulated quickly, "I know that carrots are more expensive to buy than orchids, but——"

Buridan regarded me scornfully.

"Orchids—pah!—orchids. Yes, my neighbor grows orchids. They are not worth his bother, nor mine, nor yours. What use are orchids?"

"Well," I began, but he interrupted me.

"The carrots that grow from these seeds will not be sold in a cabbage-and-potato shop. They are not for human food. Ah, no!"

He put the seeds—his so-rare carrot seeds—back into their glass bottle. This he held up to his lips and kissed. "They are my life's work," he said. "Ten years to grow," he said, "but fifty years to discover that they needed to be grown." He sighed. "So much life is wasted everywhere, and I have so little to spend. I went all over the world trying to find my life's work. These are the first fruits."

He looked at Whiskeyjack.

"I am a very happy man," he said expansively. "But people, come, I will show you what sort of carrot root these precious seeds grow."

We followed him through his ramshackle old garden—my mind all the while trying to find the exact rhyme for his pronunciation of the word *root*. It wasn't *boot* and it wasn't quite *foot*.

He stopped.

"Look, this is it."

He gave us an uprooted carrot to examine. It didn't exactly impress either Whiskeyjack or me. It couldn't compare with the usual, highly-polished Safeway carrot.* It was a rather coarse red. It smelled rank.

"It is the wonder of the age," he announced. "Buridan's carrot." He smiled. "For a long time," he said, "I was lost. All over the world I went—I searched everywhere, but never found my idea—until, Hey Presto, there it was." He tapped his forehead. "I have lived with it ever since."

He took us beyond the garden to a pasture of middling size. It ran off into second-growth fir bush. He waved his hand towards the animals standing in the shade.

"My donkeys," he said.

"We will interrupt them," he said. "Mistaar Whiskeyjack, I will show you and the professor an experiment. But first, wait—I will take away from the professor this carrot, and I will replace it with another one." He pulled another carrot out of the ground.

*If anyone thinks this is an ill-mannered satire on groceteria carrots or the Faculty of Agriculture or dog-training or animal husbandry or newspaper advertising or television or the fiscal policy of the United States or of any of the innumerable subjects for ridicule which modern life leaves vulnerable to attack, down to and including psychology and progressive education, he is mistaken. Nor do I intend to perpetrate one of those clever but malicious character studies that the *New Yorker* calls "Profiles". Buridan—Jaques T. Buridan, of Vancouver Island, B.C.—is a friend of my father, Jeremy Patrick. Whiskeyjack and I found Buridan highly entertaining when we met him last summer. After we told him about the *Friends of the University of Alberta*, he wanted to become one. He claims, by the way, to be descended from the French scholastic philosopher, Jean Buridan, who lived in the fourteenth century.—G.P.

"It is an ordinary carrot," he said. "Well, not quite an ordinary carrot—I have no ordinary carrots here, I don't bother with them. But it is not this sort of carrot," he explained, indicating the precious one he had retrieved from my unappreciative hands.

"Now, professor, and Mistaar Whiskeyjack, attend. Let the professor try to entice the donkeys into the corral with this ordinary carrot."

I took the ordinary carrot and prepared to do as I was commanded.

"Just a minute, professor," he said, calling me back. "Donkeys love carrots, don't they?"

"Yes," I agreed.

"Aha! everybody knows that. It doesn't need you to be a professor of university to know that a donkey loves carrots, does it?" He sighed. "Ah, no!—but it did take me all my life to realize that this is so."

Over in the shade the donkeys noticed us without paying us more attention than the slightest show of avoidance. There must have been some twenty of them—as large and as motley a collection of donkeydom as I ever saw. No two of them were alike.

"Ha!" chuckled Buridan. "Look at their mouths. What wicked mouths they have!—they are almost human. Oh, wicked mouths!" he said, as I was about to approach them with the ordinary carrot.

I waved it before their eyes, but they were unimpressed. "Call them Cooie, Cooie," shouted Buridan. I did so. They were prepared to eat the proffered carrot, but not to be *enticed* by it. Plainly, there was no seduction in it.

I gave up.

"Now," said Buridan, "try the famous carrot. Try them with Buridan's carrot."

They cocked their ears, looked at me and then slyly eyed one another. With all the wisdom of the ass, they decided I hadn't come to present them with a carrot, but to lure them into the corral. They ignored me. I had to thrust Buridan's carrot into the sulky face of the brute nearest me before the carrot caught its attention.

It leaned forward.

It made an optimistic swipe at the carrot. It didn't get it.

When I moved back slowly, the donkey broke into step and followed me.

I quickened pace towards the corral.

"Hee-haw, hee-haw!" it brayed.

Then the rest of the donkeys came after us. Once in the corral, they milled about me, pushing their noses at me for the captivating carrot.

I got out of the corral pronto.

"You see," said Buridan with a snort of triumph, "I did not lie about the wonders of my infallible carrot."

"And what use will you make of it?" Whiskeyjack asked him as we drank tea in the living room of the farmhouse.

"The carrot will do us no good," said Buridan's wife.

"Now, mother," said Buridan, "don't say such a thing about our great fortune."

"If only I were young," he added.

"No one," he said, turning to Whiskeyjack, "has ever thought deeply about

donkeys except me. No one. I alone have thought of donkeys. I've written a book about them. I am the world's authority on donkeys, but no one recognizes me. It is discouraging, it is sad." He shook his head. "Do you realize," he continued, earnestly looking at Whiskeyjack, "what would happen if, tomorrow morning, every donkey in the world dropped dead?"

Whiskeyjack admitted that he had never meditated upon such an occurrence.

"It would be dam' good riddance," said Mrs. Buridan.

"No, no, it would be a terrible disaster," asserted Buridan. "For," he said, "the donkey still carries most of the burdens of the world."

"Eh?" said Whiskeyjack.

"Consider this tea," said Buridan. "It was not brought down a hillside in Darjeeling by a jeep—it was brought on the back of a donkey. So many things, so many things start their journey to the world's market on the back of a donkey. The raw materials of the world go for a donkey-ride."

"But surely," I said, "there is a good deal of mechanized agriculture."

"Some," the old man agreed. "But," he added, "the more's the pity." He turned to Whiskeyjack. "What," he asked, "does a man learn from sitting astride a machine? Nothing. But from a donkey you can learn a great deal."

"Exactly what can you learn from a donkey?" asked Whiskeyjack.

"What learn from a donkey? Ho, everything. And the greatest lesson of all, patience that is almost fortitude."

"Cruelty to dumb animals?" asked Whiskeyjack sweetly.

"They are wicked beasts that need to be beaten," said Buridan's wife.

"No, they are not wicked beasts," said Buridan. "But they have suffered cruelly because the world has not known what I know now—that there are two ways, two ways," he repeated, "of encouraging a donkey. You professors," he said, addressing me, "have discovered the difference between driving and leading, yes? But the donkey-drivers have never found out this difference. Simple. You can belabor a donkey with a stick. Or you can entice him with a reward. Here is the meaning of my life's work, the Buridan carrot. I wanted a lure that would be irresistible to donkeys. But here the great difficulty. There are many kinds of donkeys. Some like one sort of carrot, some another. But at last I find a carrot liked universally by all donkeys everywhere."

He paused. "It is the Buridan carrot."

"Well," began Whiskeyjack, but Buridan had not finished his say.

"Alas!" he went on, "the cruelties that donkeys have suffered down through the ages—but that cruelty comes to an end. There begins a true friendship, Mistaar Whiskeyjack, between man and the animal that carries man's largest burden." A look of beatitude spread like oil over Buridan's face. But a moment later his features stiffened. "The donkey will do more work per unit of food," he smiled. "I speak as an economist," he added wryly.

"Don't we replace violence by fraud?" asked Whiskeyjack.

"Pooh!—a mere sentimental objection, that," said Buridan. "Buridan's carrot may defraud the donkey a little. But think of the endless beatings it will save him

from. Think how it will create a spirit of love between the donkey and his master. That justifies any fraud."

"It will turn the donkey into the most vicious of brutes," said Mrs. Buridan. "Only beating keeps a donkey sweet. Mark my words. This carrot will swell up his appetite and he will be impossible." She paused. "I see it happen with our donkeys."

"Our donkeys, mother?"

"The pieces of misery in the near pasture, yes."

"And how will you put," Whiskeyjack asked, "your Buridan's carrot in the hands of the donkey-drivers of the world?"

"A good question," Buridan admitted. "My first attempts go badly. The donkey drivers are all—ha, ha!—donkeys. But I have approached some interested governments. They will compel the use of my carrot by law."

"Then," said Whiskeyjack, "the donkey-drivers who are donkeys will be beaten with a big stick to make them use Buridan's carrot?"

"Yes," said Buridan, "it is so. Governments will use the big stick."

Our time, however, drew to an end. We had to leave the paradox stated but unexplored.

"My fortune is certain," was Buridan's final word. "But fortune comes slow, especially to old men."

—G.P.



STUDENTS' UNION BUILDING STAGE TWO

"Signs at the moment are as favourable for action on stage two of the Students' Union Building as they have ever been", was the way the Gateway put it in a recent issue of their publication. It added.

"The collapse of the gym girders, the proposed provincial museum to be built on the rink site, and Mr. Gerhart's 'swimming pool speech' in the legislature have again brought to the fore student enthusiasm for a project first mooted in the twenties."

Many of our readers will recall that in 1936 a compulsory levy of one dollar per student was initiated and the Students' Union building fund was established. Interest in the project increased, and was then dropped in the war years. A fresh and vigorous approach was again made in the summer of 1946, with plans being drawn up. The cornerstone for the Students' Union Building was laid in July of 1949 and the building was opened the following year.

The architect's plans show stage two as incorporating swimming pool and gymnasium facilities; stage three, a campus auditorium. Since simultaneous construction of the three units was financially impossible, it was decided that the first segment should answer the greatest need for the greatest number. Subsequently the auditorium plan was temporarily shelved in favor of meeting the need for social and athletic facilities.

The first unit of the building was financed by a \$400,000 provincial loan and a building fund of \$85,000 that had been accumulated over the past twenty years. The loan is presently being paid back at the rate of \$20,000 a year, over a twenty-year period.

It was learned recently that the auditorium plans have been temporarily shelved, in view of the construction of the provincial auditorium on the campus.

The Cruel Sea

By GEORGINA H. THOMSON

WHEN we prairie dwellers make a summer pilgrimage over the mountains "to the coast", as we call it, we are apt to be the subject of some ridicule from the natives of those Pacific regions. They refer to us scornfully as "Stubble Jumpers" and "Prairie Gophers" and laugh at our ignorance and timidity in matters of the sea and seafaring ways.

True, we may hesitate before plunging into the briny for a swim, and show a lamentable ignorance of boats and their navigation, not to mention the strange comings and goings of the tide. Nevertheless there are extenuating circumstances which I should like to point out.

To begin with, many of us are like the prairie boy who said that the most water he had ever seen in his life was the horse trough on his father's farm. In our case it was Mosquito Creek, a sluggish meandering stream which became a series of disconnected pools by midsummer.

Then too, we older ones especially, have to be conditioned to a fear and distrust of the sea from earliest childhood. The readers we had at school when I was a child were responsible for this. Poems about the prairie were reassuring and gentle:

"These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful."

But not so the sea. There were always fishermen going out in their frail boats to wrest a livelihood from its depths, while their womenfolk waited anxiously at home. Take poor little Mabel in "The Face Against the Pane". When we set the table we often think of her:

"Set the table, maiden Mabel
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher lover
Is out there in the storm.
And your father . . .
But Mabel, Mabel darling,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the beacon in the rain."

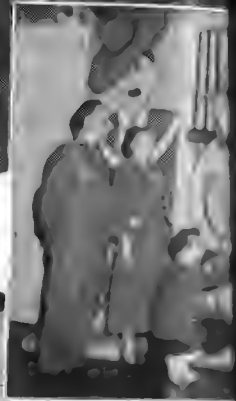
And so the poem goes on to harrow our feelings with the screech of the seabird, the moaning of the breakers, the boom of the lighthouse gun, and finally the little ship going "down and out of sight, Down, down and out of sight".

It's always refreshing to hear from Georgina H. Thomson '19, '25, Reference Librarian in the Public Library at Calgary.

At first we wondered if the title had to do with a best-selling novel by that name, and then reading on we were pleased, because of a personal abhorrence of deep water, with the treatment that she accorded *The Cruel Sea*.



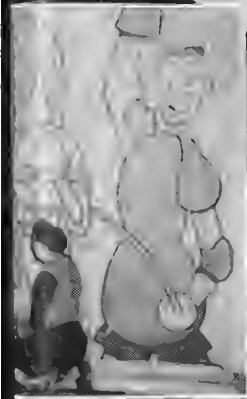
HOMECOMING



The third annual Alumni Homecoming Ball will be remembered for a number of reasons. A. B. Evenson, and Dr. ('30) and Mrs. John W. Macgregor obviously enjoying the receiving an inscribed silver tray memento from the Chancellor, one of several Dr. Evenson ('30) and Dean Wilbur Bowker ('30) admiring some of the murals being painted at the University in the sombrero . . . Wilbur Bowker in front of the jail . . . Miss Simons in the cut. Lower left: Three erstwhile "frosh" (all '30), Donald Cameron, Wilbur Bowker, and Lister about the caricatured likeness of himself.—Pictures courtesy Tats and Edna



1955



novelty things that occurred during the evening. Top left: Mr. and Mrs. ('30) Class of '30 Anniversary Waltz. Top right, Mrs. Mary Mooney, Class of '30, invited to anniversary class members in attendance. Centre: Miss Maimie Simpson by the Fine Arts department. That's a semblance of the President of the Class as a Wauneita . . . and Physical Instructor Dr. Maury Van Vliet with the crew. Ted Manning, suitably attired in the freshmen's garb of that era, about to be president of the General Alumni Association, Rodney Pike, left, ribbing Reg. Journal.

In the morning—

"Four ancient fishermen
Come toiling up the sands
With something in their hands—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah! so ghastly in the light
With seaweed in their hair."

Well, of course, it had all been too much for poor Mabel, and we were not surprised to hear,

"She will never watch again,
Never watch and weep at night."

Not so poor Hannah, who in one of our lessons was pictured as "faded, wrinkled" sitting at the window binding shoes and still watching for her young lover's return.

"Fair young Hannah,
Ben the sunburnt fisher gaily woos.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she
When the bloom was on the tree."

She had watched while

"Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped."

Whenever a ship came in, she would inquire:

"Have you, have you heard of Ben?"

In our neighborhood there was a young man named Ben, and we children thought it very witty to whisper to each other in his presence,

"Have you, have you heard of Ben?"

Just what sort of work binding shoes was, we were not sure, but it sounded dreary and the whole tone of the poem showed the sea and those who go down to it in ships in a very unhappy light so far as prairie dwellers were concerned.

In fact the whole business of fishing seemed very chancy, even compared with the menace of hail, drought and grasshoppers that afflicted us periodically on the prairie. Then there were the three fishers Kingsley wrote about, for instance, who went sailing out in the west while their women sat up in the lighthouse tower, trimming the lamps and watching the storm gather—

"For men must work and women must weep
Though storms be sudden and waters deep
And the harbor bar be moaning."

Then, next thing we knew,

"Three corpses lay up on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home from the town."

All too often, though, the women themselves were the victims of the sea. It seemed to be connected sometimes with bringing the cattle in. There was poor Mary who was told so repeatedly to "Go and call the cattle home". (We couldn't see much reason for the repetition except to fill in the poet's lines for him.) She went all alone although anyone could see it was going to be a dirty night. And then,

"The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land
 And never home came she."

The fishermen who found her in the morning thought her floating golden hair might be a salmon. In our reader there was a picture of them peering into the water.

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea."

Another milkmaid claimed by the sea was "My son's wife Elizabeth" in the hauntingly beautiful poem, "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire". Her simple milking song floats plaintively through the poem amidst the warning clang of the bells and the thunderous onrush of the sea.

"So farre, so fast the eygre drave
 The heart had hardly time to beat
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet.
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee
 And all the world was in the sea."

Such poems left a very strong impression on our childish minds and made us resolve that if we ever kept a dairy farm, it would be far inland.

Sometimes it was from a boat that members of our sex perished. In the case of the lovely Rosabelle, it was against the warnings of her hosts that she set forth on her fatal journey home.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
 The fishers have heard the water sprite
 Whose screams forebode that death is nigh."

But Rosabelle had a date to dance with Lord Lindesay's heir, and go she must. We were not surprised when their forebodings were realized, and soon "The sea holds lovely Rosabelle". It was impressed on us children that her wilfulness was the cause of it all, but she was young and our youthful sympathies were with her.

Another poem with the thrill of romance was "Lord Ullin's Daughter". There she and her lover were, with the raging sea before them and a raging father in hot pursuit.

"'O haste ye, haste,' the lady cries,
 'Though tempests round us gather,
 I'll meet the raging of the skies
 But not an angry father.'"

Of course the father repents his harshness and says he'll forgive her Highland chief, but,

"'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing.
 The waters wild went o'er his child
 And he was left lamenting."

The classic example of disaster from the cruel sea was "The Wreck of the Hesperus". Probably no poem has been more parodied than this, yet for us it had a realistic horror that no familiarity could dull. The skipper, you remember, who had taken his little daughter along for company, refused to take the advice of an old sailor to put into port, and scoffed at the storm. When it struck, he had to reassure the trembling little girl, and finally bind her feet to the mast for safety. Longfellow grew up on the New England coast and his knowledge of such storms lent a terse realism to his lines.

"The breakers were right beneath her bow,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept her crew
Like icicles from her deck."

In the morning when the inevitable fishermen found the little girl,

"The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair like the brown seaweed
On the billows fall and rise."

Yes, we kids decided that the prairie was a safer place to be, even in a blizzard. Of course, sometimes the women came off better. In "The Loss of the Birkenhead", the survivor tells how the colonel formed the men in line to die, but:

"We made the women with their children go,
The oars ply back again and yet again,
Whilst inch by inch the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men."

The horror of this poem was not from the icy blast of the Northern sea, but the sharks lying in wait.

"We saw the great fierce fish that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly and repass."

About the only character we didn't mind seeing drown was that villainous Sir Ralph the Rover who cut the bell from the Inchcape Rock where the holy Abbot of Aberbrothok had placed it to warn mariners in a storm. Of course Sir Ralph himself is the victim of his wicked deed. Returning years later with the plunder of many piracies, he is wrecked on that self-same rock.

"Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide."

Such was our everyday fare in the little prairie schoolhouse. Such was our indoctrination. So do not laugh if we stubble-jumpers scan the clouds and examine the lifebelts before putting out on the Princess Marguerite from Vancouver to Victoria.

Remember, we have been warned.



PHYSIOTHERAPISTS WIN TRANSFUSION TROPHY

The Transfusion trophy, presented by the Medical Undergraduate Society to the school or faculty with the largest percentage of its members donating to the five-day Red Cross blood donor clinic on the campus, went this year to the new school of physiotherapy. All eighteen of the students registered, a 100% effort

TRAIL BLAZERS



Elsie Park Gowan '30

THIS year, when she set about writing Edmonton's Jubilee Pageant, "Who Builds a City", Mrs. Gowan felt, she told us, as though everything she had done up to then had been leading to this culmination point. And that is no light statement, for this gifted graduate of the class of '30 has done an amazing number of things. However, through her long experience in writing for stage and radio she had followed three main lines of interest—history, the community, and family life. In the pageant she traces the historical growth of Edmonton, and its development as a community, through the fortunes of an ordinary family as they grow up with their chosen city.

Elsie Park Gowan (née Young) was born in Scotland in 1905 and came to Alberta at the age of seven. She taught in rural schools for some time before and during her University days. While an undergraduate, she was active in dramatics and Gateway work. Upon graduation in 1930 with an honors history degree, she taught for three years in the Lacombe High School. She married E. H. Gowan of the University physics department in 1933.

About this time she began writing plays, encouraged by Dr. Corbett, who was then director of extension at the University. Those were the days when CKUA was located on the campus and the studios were in the old power plant. In 1936, at the insistence of Miss Sheila Marryat, who was program director, Mrs. Gowan began to write a series of historical radio plays, "New Lamps for Old". Then came the "Building of Canada" series, which was soon carried on the national CBC network. In 1939, which was the first year of the National School Broadcasts, she wrote three scripts for a series, "The Birth of Canadian Freedom". Subsequently she contributed also to Columbia School of the Air broadcasts.

During the war years she wrote many radio dramas on Canadian community and family life. In 1944 she became associated with the CBC Talks and Public Affairs Department. In the following ten years she contributed to such series as *The Town Grows Up*, *People Next Door*, *In Search of Citizens*, and *In Search of Mental Health*.

She also did a series with a western background for CJCA called "This Is Our Story".

For three years, 1947 to 1949, she wrote a weekly serial called "The Barlows of Beaver Street", about an average Canadian family, for International Service short wave to the United Kingdom and the Caribbean.

But Mrs. Gowan's plays have not all been of the documentary variety. She has written for Stage '50, Buckingham Theatre and others and has also had a number of plays published. Among the best-known of her stage plays are "The Last Cave-man", a three-act play which was taken on tour by Everyman Theatre, and "Britches from Bond Street", which won the Western Canada Theatre Conference prize in 1948 and is published by Samuel French.

She has taught drama and radio writing at Queen's University Summer School and at the Banff School of Fine Arts.

Aside from all this, Edmontonians recall her excellent acting in many theatrical productions in the Edmonton Little Theatre and Studio Theatre.

Hence it was quite fitting that she should be the author of Edmonton's Jubilee Pageant—and quite natural that it should be not the conventional tableau type of thing but planned and staged using many techniques from radio drama—and that the historic events should be focussed in the life of an everyday family, for Mrs. Gowan wished to make it clear it is the ordinary folk "who build a city".





The Case for Government Scholarships

By DOUGLAS FITCH

HOW many are there of you who cannot recall someone who wanted to come to university and had the ability to do so but was unable to manage it for one reason or another? In how many cases was lack of finances the reason for non-attendance? I can think of several from my own personal experience.

There was Mary Smith, whose mother was a widow with three small children. Mary wanted to be a physiotherapist—it says so in the grade eleven yearbook—yet she left school without even completing her matriculation. Not from a lack of brains, just a lack of funds.

Bill Adams wanted to be an engineer. Bill was a conscientious chap. He wasn't the brightest person in the class, but certainly a matriculation student. His father

The National Federation of Canadian University Students, an organization representing 45,000 Canadian university undergraduates, is presently conducting a campaign for increased and more numerous government scholarships and bursaries for deserving university students.

Douglas Fitch, western regional vice-president of NFCUS and a second-year law student at the University of Alberta, has written "**The Case For Government Scholarships**" to acquaint our readers about their campaign and to enlist their support in the work they are doing.

In the photograph above, Mr. Douglas Burns, former president of the Students' Union and now national president of NFCUS, is shown with three aides in consultation with Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent at the time of an official presentation of their brief last fall. Reading from left to right, they are: Antonio Enriquez, Past President, NFCUS; Wm. O. Angus, President, Students' Union, University of Toronto; Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent; W. A. Douglas Burns, President, NFCUS; Peter Martin, Vice-President, NFCUS.

was a conscientious worker, but Bill wasn't big enough to shovel cement or "rough-neck" on an oil crew. Not physically handicapped, but not very big. Bill wanted to come to university, but couldn't find the money after working the three short months of that first summer out of high school, so he took a job as a shipper in a warehouse. After a year he had saved enough to carry him through one year of university, but he couldn't finance the rest of the way without assistance. Bill couldn't qualify for one of the "honor student" prizes. Gained, one excellent shipping clerk; lost, one chemist.

But these are individual cases that probably have been oversimplified. They are not the type of evidence on which one can reasonably ask governments to adopt a plan that will involve the expenditure of over five and a half million dollars a year. Are there figures and authorities that would justify the spending of such a large amount of money? Let me give you a few:

A committee on education appointed by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association reported in February, 1950, that "Out of 100 Canadian children starting school, only twenty-two finished high school and only three graduated from college", and that "54% of those who dropped out did so for economic reasons".

According to a Dominion Bureau of Statistics Survey of Higher Education, the ratio between student population and population of the country as a whole has returned to its pre-war level of 1:300 after being considerably reduced during the D.V.A. period.

Dr. Cyril James, principal of McGill University, has estimated that in 1952 only 3% of those between 15 and 24 were attending university in Canada, as compared with something over 15% in the U.S.A.

Estimates of the proportion of population who can profit by college education vary, running as high as the 32% estimate made by the U.S. President's Commission on Higher Education.

The costs of attending university are high and rising. The total varies between \$1,000 and \$1,500, depending on the academic fees in the particular course and university and on the cost of living in the university community. A survey recently conducted by the NFCUS Committee at the University of Alberta shows that the average university male student at Alberta is able to earn only 51% of the cost of his university year during the summer months; for female students the figure is 40%. There are over twice as many students from Edmonton attending university as from Calgary, a city still closely comparable in size. While it is true that the situation is changing with the opening of the Calgary branch, the problem remains for potential students from rural areas.

Dr. Andrew Stewart, President of the University of Alberta, in commenting on the NFCUS campaign, stated as follows:

"Our system of student assistance—in Alberta and elsewhere—is defective in several aspects. Some families simply do not have the assurance that there is a way by which their young people can aspire to higher education. The total amount of assistance, in the several categories, is not sufficient; and the terms on which assist-

ance is available are not clearly enough known. The structure of the assistance program (if it can be called this) is unsystematic. There is a disorderly aggregation of awards, many of them with prescribed conditions which give no assurance of their most effective disposition in terms of student assistance."

If we believe, then, that there is something wrong with the provisions for university education in Canada, the next question is, "What should be done about it?"

The Report of the Royal Commission on National Development in Arts, Letters, and Sciences, popularly known as the Massey Report, in 1951 quoted with approval a plan that had been suggested to the Commission to provide 100 annual scholarships of \$1,000 for students of outstanding ability; 250 national scholarships of \$500 for promising students; and 2,000 bursaries of \$500 for able and diligent students on the basis of need—all such awards to be tenable for four years, supplemented by a loan fund open to all students whose work is acceptable to university authorities. Such a plan would assist 10,000 Canadian students, or about 20% of the present university population.

A brief submitted to the Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent, in 1952 by Raghbir Singh Basi, then President of the NFCUS, urged the government to take the initial preparatory steps to institute such a plan, but no action was taken. At its eighteenth annual conference at the University of Toronto last October, the NFCUS decided to undertake a concerted nation-wide campaign advocating a similar plan but with representations being made to both federal and provincial governments, since education is a provincial concern under the British North America Act. The NFCUS proposal is for the payment of bursaries and scholarships to a total of 10,000 Canadian students in the form of 2,500 awards, each tenable for four years, mostly in the form of bursary awards averaging \$500.00. Such a plan, costing approximately \$5,500,000.00 and aiding about one-fifth of the student population, would have as its objective the assistance of not only the brilliant student, but the valuable "good" student as well, the "Mary Smiths" and the "Bill Adams".

First step in the campaign was the submission of a brief to the Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent, last November by a NFCUS delegation headed by Doug Burns, national President of the NFCUS and a graduate of the University of Alberta. Mr. St. Laurent suggested that our first task is to mobilize public support. Following the interview with the Prime Minister, the delegation held a press conference with the parliamentary press gallery. An item concerning the campaign was carried on Canadian Press at that time, and comments were heard in some sections of the press, particularly in Eastern Canada. The *Toronto Star Weekly* said editorially:

"It is pretty generally recognized that public aid to worthy university students in Canada is not nearly as great as it should be . . . The National Federation of Canadian University Students has formulated a concrete plan for the establishment of additional scholarships. It proposes the setting up of 2,500 scholarships and bursaries, each tenable for four years at a university. The plan would cost \$5,500,000.00 a year. This is not an unreasonably large amount in the light of provincial government revenues."

Under the heading, "A Measure of Our Nation's Failure", the Calgary Herald commented:

"The campaign is indeed a worthy objective when it is considered that in this day and age a university education is almost essential for any form of personal advancement and that the cost of higher education has steadily increased."

The Massey Commission noted that no less than 143 of the briefs submitted to it recommended the institution of a system of scholarships at the undergraduate level.

A comparison shows that Canada lags far behind such other countries as Great Britain, Australia and France in the matter of government aid to students. Quoting again from the Massey Report:

"As we have already observed, Canada, in instituting a system of undergraduate scholarships, would be following a practice now generally accepted as necessary and desirable by the democratic countries of the Western World. The most striking example of generous aid to undergraduates is to be found, as we have noticed, in Great Britain, where three systems of scholarships were instituted before or during the last war and have been maintained by successive governments. The first of these, the State Scholarship Scheme, was designed to pay the full expense of the student during the academic year. These scholarships are granted on the basis of need, but with some emphasis on scholastic ability. The Further Education and Training Scheme corresponds to the Vocational Training Plan in Canada and its grants may be used for professional and technical instruction as well as for undergraduate education. For this grant less emphasis is placed on ability and more on need than the state scholarships. Finally, a third scheme provides a system of grants for the holders of university or college scholarships of a value equal to the difference between such scholarships and those given by the state. In 1948, about 23,000 new grants were made under the three schemes, most of them to undergraduates.

"In Australia, a federal country where education is the responsibility of the different states, the national government has instituted an elaborate plan of financial aid to university undergraduates, the Commonwealth Financial Assistance Plan. Aid is extended to students in secondary schools as well as to undergraduates. The scholarships provide both maintenance and academic fees. From 1946-50, each year 729 students were assisted, with such good results that after January 1st, 1951, a new plan will be put into operation providing 3,000 scholarships annually, or 9,000 in all, to be awarded by open competition.

Since education in France is highly centralized, and since the French government assumes almost complete responsibility for the education of its citizens at all stages, it is difficult to compare the French system of financial aid for educational purposes with the British system of scholarships. In France a strict system of selection is applied by examination at the end of the first year of secondary education and in succeeding years, thus permitting the educational authorities to guide students towards those disciplines for which they have the greatest aptitudes. Since the fees in the universities of France are nominal and since non-interest-bearing loans are readily available, it is true to say that all university students in France receive financial assistance from the central government."

The result would seem to be that there is ample precedent in other countries for a scheme similar to that proposed by the NFCUS.

One further aspect of the case for government scholarships deserving some attention is the question of provincial rights in the field of education. The control of education is given entirely by the provinces under section 91 of the British North America Act, yet the Massey Commission, the NFCUS, and the organizations submitting 143 briefs to the Massey Commission, including four provincial governments (Ontario, Newfoundland, Saskatchewan, Nova Scotia), all advocate federal intervention in this field.

Why? The answer is twofold: financial power and the opinion that education is in some respects a matter of national, not provincial concern. The Alberta NFCUS Committee's brief recently submitted to the Premier, the Honorable Ernest C. Manning, and the members of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Alberta, puts it as follows:

"We appreciate the importance of provincial rights in the field of education in the light of provisions of the British North America Act and the bicultural nature of our country. We therefore realize that the implementation of such a program of scholarships and bursaries must be preceded by appropriate arrangements between the Government of Canada and those of some or all of the provinces. What the precise nature of these arrangements should be we do not consider ourselves qualified to say. We are confident that once they are fully aware of the need for greater assistance to students and the importance of meeting it, the leaders of both levels of government will find it possible to work out an adequate solution."

It cannot be emphasized too much that the NFCUS does not intend the federal government to infringe upon control of this exclusively provincial jurisdiction. Dr. Kenneth W. Taylor, Assistant Deputy Minister of Finance, reminded the representatives present of this policy of the federal government at the 1952 National Conference of Canadian Universities. In discussing federal aid to universities, Dr. Taylor said:

"In presenting this matter (i.e. the per capita contribution to universities recommended in the Massey Report and now being made by the federal government) to Parliament, the Prime Minister emphasized that these grants were completely unconditional and that the federal government has no intention of interfering in any way with educational matters or policies."

This is the case for government scholarships. I trust that I have presented the NFCUS position adequately and that we will receive the support of the alumni of this university, who are in the best possible position to know the advantages, and the cost, of a university education.



Have you paid your dues to the Alumni Association?

IN MEMORIAM



DR. ROBERT C. WALLACE
President, University of Alberta
1928-1936

ROBERT CHARLES WALLACE

With the death of Dr. Robert C. Wallace on January 29th, Canada lost one of its outstanding educators of the past generation. He was a university president for close to a quarter-century—first at Alberta and then at Queen's—and in that time he left a strong mark on Canadian higher education.

Dr. Wallace was trained in science, and in his younger days was a noted field geologist; he is given much of the credit for uncovering the mineral wealth of northern Manitoba. Unlike many practical scientists, however, he had a deep and lifelong interest in liberal studies such as literature, languages, history and philosophy, and considered that they were an essential part of all true education, no matter what profession the student ultimately intended to enter. He fought hard to retain for these studies their proper place in the Canadian university curriculum and prevent them being crowded out by practical and vocational courses. His influence was a powerful factor in checking the trend to excessive specialization in Canadian universities.

His ability as a university administrator was perhaps most strikingly shown by his work in this province. His term of office at the University of Alberta, from 1928 to 1936, came at the close of the first great period of expansion in the university's history and extended through the worst years of the depression. This was a time of extreme difficulty. Funds were low, rigid economy had to be practised, and there was constant danger that a drastic reorganization would become necessary, eliminating many departments and destroying much of the work of the founders. It was largely due to Dr. Wallace's wise leadership, and the influence he established with the government and with the public, that this disaster was avoided and the university came through the lean years with its structure intact, ready for a second period of growth.

Dr. Wallace's conception of a university's function was perhaps best summed up in a speech he delivered in Edmonton in 1934:

The university is the training ground for clear, consecutive, courageous thinking. . . . It is the place for untrammelled thinking in the fundamentals of human life and conduct and for unbiased appreciation of the values in the aesthetic and moral spheres. It is probably the only place where thinking is free in the deepest sense of the word. At the university men examine the things that have been handed down from the past in the light of their applicability to the present and the future.

To that ideal of education he was always faithful, and no one fought harder to keep it alive in Canada.

—*Reprinted from Edmonton Journal*

Editor's Note:

A Memorial Service on the occasion of the burial at Kingston, Ontario, of the late Robert Charles Wallace was held on February 1st, in Convocation Hall, at the University of Alberta. Queen's University alumni participated.



the chipmunk

SOME of the recent stamp productions of the Post Office Department having been something less than pleasing, we were heartened to learn that on April 1st a new series will be issued bearing Dr. William Rowan's design of the Whooping Crane. **The New Trail** has been fortunate in being able to reproduce some of Dr. Rowan's exquisite bird designs and we are delighted that his work is receiving the official recognition it deserves. The Whooping Crane stamp is being issued to assist the campaign to save these rare birds from extinction. There are, according to last reports, only about twenty-four of them remaining. It was Dr. Rowan who discovered their nesting ground near Fort Smith two years ago and he has done much to foster interest in their survival.

A companion stamp to be issued at the same time will feature a muskox designed by a Toronto artist, Emmanuel Hahn.

There is news of two well-known retired professors. In January, Dr. W. H. Alexander, one-time Dean of Arts and Sciences, visited the campus and addressed a group of about sixty-five students and graduates at a dinner in the cafeteria. Now living in California, he still recalls Alberta as the friendliest place he ever lived.

Dr. E. Sonet, for many years head of the French department, has recently published a French grammar, "Review of Standard French", which has been accepted in sixty-one United States universities and colleges, including Yale, Stanford and Chicago. Written in collaboration with Professor Glen Shortliffe of Queen's University, a former Alberta student, the book is published by Harcourt, Brace and Co. and is based on Dr. Sonet's many years of teaching French at Alberta and Royal Roads Naval College. Dr. Sonet is also writing a book in French in which he will present for French readers the observations he has made of North American life.

At a recent meeting of the seventeenth International Congress of Ophthalmology held in New York and Montreal, Dr. M. R. Marshall of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Alberta was appointed a member of the International council. For the past year Dr. Marshall has acted as president of the Canadian Ophthalmology Society. Included amongst the thirty-seven representatives at the Congress were delegates from the U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia.

The International Council of Ophthalmology is an executive body that meets once every four years in conjunction with the Congress. In other years its meetings are held alternately in France and Great Britain.

It is with deep regret that we report the death recently of Dr. J. W. Campbell, former head of the department of mathematics, who retired last April after thirty-five years on the faculty.

With spring plans afoot in most campus organizations, buildings, telephone poles and all available spaces littered with pictures of campus queens and the whole place taking on the rather sleazy air that seems an inevitable prelude to spring in this beautiful city of Edmonton, it seems rather late to be harking back to the Christmas season. However, at least two of the Christmas campus events seem to us well worth recalling.

Chipmunk managed to squeeze into Con Hall a couple of Sundays before Christmas to hear the University Musical Club's Christmas concert. This concert has come to set the mood of the Christmas season for us, and judging by the number of people who stood around the back and sides of the hall for two hours, it means a lot to a great many people. This year the University Singers did the Bach cantata, "Sleepers Awake", and joined with the Mixed

» » Alumni Notes « «

1912

As is recorded in another section of *The New Trail*, it gives us more than ordinary pleasure to announce that an Honorary Doctor of Laws degree will be conferred on one of the University's most distinguished graduates, **Mr. L. Y. Cairns** of Edmonton. This singular member of the first freshman class at the University graduated with a B.A. degree in 1912, was articulated in law and admitted to the Bar in 1916. He was made a King's Counsel in 1934 and for more than twenty years was a part-time lecturer in law and commerce at the University of Alberta.

1918

Here's one invitation that our graduates would be more than pleased to accept. We had an interesting note from **Dr. Grace A. Stewart** recently, and she was writing from Tucson, Arizona. She says she is very busy house hunting but, in her own words, "should any fellow alumni travel this way, I should love to see them".

There is no doubt but that she has succumbed to the blandishments of her new surroundings, for she refers to it as "the sunny land of Arizona, a far cry from the snows of the Canadian prairies where I was born and brought up".

It is with regret that we must record the recent death of **Dr. Roger S. Grimmett**, who was a member of the pre-medical course at the University in 1918. A graduate of McGill, at the time of his death Dr. Grimmett was resident

in Vancouver, where he was an eye, ear and nose specialist.

1927

All of us will recall the air tragedy that occurred over Moose Jaw last April, when a number of lives were snuffed out in a two-plane collision. One of our alumnae was aboard the T.C.A. plane, and we are sorry to record the death of **Mrs. C. G. Nelson**, the former Miss D. E. Werthenbach.

It is always interesting to hear from members of our graduate family commenting on their reaction to *The New Trail*. One of these notes arrived the other day from **Myra K. Harshman**, Calgary, and we are grateful for her suggestion of perhaps including within the covers feature items from the various faculties on the campus, "even if the subscription price is increased".

In 1929 a young law student named **Horace Gilchrist Johnson** was admitted to the Alberta Bar by Mr. Justice Frank Ford.

Then recently Mr. Johnson was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy created when Mr. Justice Ford retired after a long and distinguished career. During his career this distinguished graduate lectured in law and commerce at the University of Alberta.

1930

An Edmonton school teacher, **Miss Mary R. Crawford**, now retired but one of the leaders in establishing the Alberta Teachers' Association, has been honored with an appointment to the University of Alberta Senate.

Chorus in the more familiar first part of the "Messiah". Professor L. H. Nichols played the organ for the usual carol singing, which was entered into with zest by both choir and audience.

We also managed to see the Studio Theatre's Nativity Play and thought it an excellent production. Mr. Orchard's adaptation was splendid and if there were moments that did not quite "get over", there were also many more that

were powerful and moving. A novel feature of the production was the use of a revolving stage with a sloping surface. This did much to facilitate the flow of action. Also adding immeasurably to the continuity and atmosphere of the dramas was the small chorus, directed by Keith Bissell and led by Ole Olson, who presented early carols and medieval plain songs, most of which were completely new to us and exceedingly beautiful as well as fitting.

A popular member of the medical fraternity, **Dr. Frank MacNeil Smith**, long-time resident of Camrose, was chosen recently as Liberal candidate to contest the Battle River - Camrose by-election.

1934

One of our lady graduates in commerce, **Mrs. J. C. Hewson**, we learn, is president of the University Women's Association, Vancouver branch.

1937

The new director of the Saskatoon income tax district is **N. A. Morris**, who was chief assessor for the Edmonton district until recently. Mr Morris is a commerce graduate also, and after working for Imperial Oil Limited he entered the field of chartered accountancy, receiving his C.A. degree in 1942. In 1946 he joined the income tax department and was appointed chief assessor in 1947.

1938

One of our best-known Alberta graduates and one still resident in the province, **John Thomson Cuyler**, retired principal of Alexandra Composite High School, Medicine Hat, is teaching biology, he tells us, at Mount Royal College, Calgary.

Goodwill Industries, Springfield, Mass., is the firm with which **Alfreda Skenfield** is employed. In an informative note recently she drew our attention to the marriage of her sister, **Elizabeth '44**, to James W. McPherrin.

1939

Appointments to three top civic posts included the promotion of Waterworks Superintendent **R. H. Nicolson** to assistant city engineer of the city of Edmonton, it was announced recently.

Other appointments included that of **Norman Rault '49**, manager of Inter-Provincial Chemicals Ltd., who was named industrial director to the city, while **George Hodges '47** was promoted from assistant superintendent in the waterworks department to superintendent.

Besides being assistant city engineer, Mr. Rault will head the construction and planning section, one of the four branches of the engineers' department. Mr. Rault is well known in skiing circles and some years ago was captain of the University ski team. A native of Calgary, Mr. Hodges is a graduate in civil engineering and joined the waterworks department on graduation.

1941

We often wish that more of our graduates would sit down like **L. A. McLeod** and advise us more frequently about their present whereabouts and the sort of employment that is keeping them busy.

In the process of sending in his own and his wife's General Alumni Association fees, Mr. McLeod goes on to say:

"We moved to Sarnia from Ottawa in 1950 and a year later I took charge of a section of Polymer Corporation's research and development division, replacing **N. R. (Reg) Legge '42**, who had left for the U.S. Since then I have been associated mainly with polymer development but have recently been transferred to head the polymer research section (as distinct from monomer research).

U of A. is well represented in our division. **D. J. McCracken '46** is in charge of a group concerned with equipment and process development, and **I. R. Fraser '42** is in charge of our pilot plant operations.

Odette and I now have four children—three boys and one girl—and we are pretty well settled in Sarnia, although our thoughts often stray to the other end of the pipe line."

1943

Congratulations are in order for **H. C. Melsen**, lecturer in the Faculty of Education, who has been awarded a Master of Arts degree from the University of Minnesota.

Something a little different from the usual type of occupation is that being engaged in by **Sqdn. Ldr. G. B. Kennedy**, now in France as senior meteorological officer at No. 1 Fighter Wing, located at Marville.

During World War II, Sqdn. Ldr. Kennedy became interested in "met" work and received his first training at a course given by the air ministry. Up until recently he has been filling the office of director of air staff services.

1945

In a directive received recently from Iowa State College, we note with pride that **Hubert William Harries**, who received his B.Sc. from the University of Alberta, has been awarded a Doctor of Philosophy degree from the college across the border.

1947

From the pages of the A.T.A. Magazine we gleaned the following information concerning

school superintendent appointments. **Arthur H. Elliott**, formerly principal of the Tofield school, has been made assistant superintendent of schools in the Clover Bar School Division.

We also note a change for **Ernest Hodgson** '48, formerly on the Victoria Composite High School staff in Edmonton, now superintendent of schools for the Strawberry School Division.

A new appointment, assistant superintendent of public schools in Edmonton, has been placed with **Thomas D. Baker**, formerly principal of Queen's Avenue school. Mr. Baker is second assistant to R. S. Sheppard, superintendent, who will retire from that position in June.

1948

Ft. Lt. Samuel S. Lieberman, Edmonton barber and member of the reserve air force, has been named honorary R.C.A.F. aide to Hon. J. J. Bowlen, lieutenant-governor of Alberta, it was announced recently. Ft. Lt. Lieberman succeeds Wing Cmdr. J. M. Flint, who has assumed command of 418 Reserve Squadron.

We were very pleased to have a visit recently from **Robert Hoare**, who is now on the staff of the Medical School at the University of Manitoba and working away at his Ph.D. Bob was up from Winnipeg to attend the conference of the Medical Research Division, western regional group of the N.R.C.

Lt. Albert Stephen Knowler R.C.N(R) has been appointed naval aide-de-camp to Hon. J. J. Bowlen, lieutenant-governor of Alberta, it was announced recently. "Bert" is well known on the campus, having come to the bursar's office as an assistant accountant within the last year or so.

A change of locale is recorded for the **Lawrence Davis Williams**, who are moving to Camrose from Sedgewick, where Lawrence is taking over the district agriculturist's office.

1949

An important award has recently been placed with **Dr. Gordon Barry Pierce**. It is the Sarah Mellon Scaife Fellowship, tendered by the University of Pittsburgh Medical School. The fellowship entitles Dr. Pierce to four years of research, diagnostic pathology, and teaching at Pittsburgh Medical School. Since graduation the award winner has been studying under Dr. J. R. Macgregor, Professor of Pathology at the University of Alberta.

Having to do with the realm of journalism,

we understand from **Donald J. Duff** that he and **Mrs. Duff** (nee **Beth Edwards** '47) have undergone a rather dramatic change of environment "from the dull, soggy but warm climate of the coast to the cold, sharp but clear climate of Montreal. This took place in December—just before Christmas but in time for the festivities.

Reason: Resigned as public relations director at the Vancouver General Hospital (after four years there) to accept an offer as public relations executive with G. A. Brakeley & Co. Ltd., public relations consultants."

The Duffs' new address. 5345 Prince of Wales Avenue, Montreal 29, P.Q.

The First War Memorial Postgraduate Overseas Scholarship, awarded by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire in Alberta, for \$2,000 for one year, has been awarded to **John Ross McGregor**, it was announced recently.

A native of Pincher Creek and a graduate who was exceedingly active in student affairs, **A. G. Lynch-Staunton** was recently admitted to the Alberta Bar by Mr. Justice Hugh John Macdonald.

1951

A recent news release, emanating again from Iowa State College, lists **David Blackmore**, whose home address is Cardston, as having received a Doctor of Philosophy degree from that institution.

1952

Oscar Kruger, of Golden Bear fame, has written to say that he is back on the campus this year, however, as yet we haven't had the pleasure of bumping into him.

A member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity, **William Johnson** was admitted to the Alberta Bar recently by the newly appointed **Mr. Justice H. G. Johnson** '27.

"Hello! I'm here!" That was the way **Lois** (nee **Corky Badgley**) and **Wendell Laycraft** chose to announce the arrival of their new son, Kevin Wendell. According to Kevin, he lives with his parents at Hines Creek, and arrived in this world weighing seven pounds 12 ounces.

1954

A 21-year-old graduate of the University of Alberta is the province's latest Rhodes scholar.

Mr. Hugh Lawford will enroll at Oxford University, England, this summer. The scholarship provides for two years of study, with the opportunity for a third year if the student does well academically.

NEWS from the branches

Smoky Lake - Thorhild

Never having been to Waskatenau and not having had the opportunity before to visit with alumni residing in that area, your secretary viewed with keen anticipation a dinner meeting of graduates held some time ago in that centre.

The hall was well filled, the ladies served a banquet fit for a king, and under the skillful direction of the outgoing president, Harry Koshash, an evening of fun and new alumni inspiration prevailed.

In the official party from Edmonton we were fortunate in being able to include President Andrew Stewart, Rodney Pike, Dr. Faust Gowda, and O. P. Thomas, all members of the resident alumni executive, who were called on in turn to address the gathering.

From the 100 or so alumni who were present a new executive was elected: Mike Skuba, Smoky Lake, president; Dr. Lastiwka, Radway, vice-president; and Nick Skoropad, Smoky Lake, secretary-treasurer. To affect the widest representation, four directors to the executive were also named: A. J. Styra, Radway; Harry Klufus, Redwater; J. T. Bullock, Vilna; and P. Kozdrowski, Warspite.

Vancouver

It's a long time since we've listed the seaboard city in this section of **The New Trail**, but from the glowing accounts we've received of the alumni tea held recently, that sort of condition isn't going to last.

President Andrew Stewart flew out to address the gathering, as did Mr. Ken Madsen, president of the General Alumni Association. There were approximately 150 enthusiastic graduates in attendance at the Armouries, and certainly the success of this "new" venture speaks a volume of praise for the management committee headed by Dr. John Madill '31, the new president.

Victoria

A trip to Vancouver on alumni business almost certainly means another short hop by plane or boat to the Island and a visit with alumni there.

Our president, Mr. Madsen, was delighted with the opportunity to visit with and speak to twenty-five or thirty of them at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Putnam.

Medicine Hat

The alumni year wouldn't be complete without a visit to the "Hat" and an opportunity to discuss the state of health of the alumni organization down there.

Our genial travelling companion and guest speaker for the occasion was Dr. Walter Johns, Dean of Arts and Sciences. The meeting was chaired by Mr. Fred Millican, at whose home, and that of Dr. and Mrs. Ross Gibson, we were delightfully entertained.

It was about this time that the duplicate copy of the new movie, "On the Campus", arrived and we were particularly happy to show it to the Medicine Hat alumni inasmuch as several of their acquaintances were featured in it. A very interesting review by Dr. Johns of the growth of the University of Alberta over the past ten years provided a fitting close to a very successful evening.

We are particularly happy to record that Dr. A. W. Soklofske '50 is the new president of the branch, and the new secretary, Mrs. Stewart Wallace '37.

Grande Prairie

At press time President Stewart, Mr. Ken Madsen, Mr. Art Paul, and your editor had just returned from Grande Prairie, where they met with 120 alumni at their second annual dinner and dance.

This is always an outstanding affair and, thanks to the hard work this year of Mel Howey '43, '44, and Harold MacNeill '47, '48, it is becoming recognized as one of the leading social functions in this very busy centre.

In the afternoon President Stewart spoke to the high school students, and in the evening the alumni from near and far congregated in the York Hotel. Not all of them were from Alberta; in fact, as it was discovered last year, there were university graduates from as far south as Africa and as far west as Italy and Germany. In this convivial setting they could all "ring out a cheer for our Alberta" under the coaching of song-leader Dr. Carlyle.

The highlight of the evening was an address by President Andrew Stewart, followed by a showing of the new university film, "On the Campus".



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